

A
TALE OF A TUB.

Written for the Universal Improvement
of Mankind.

Diu multumque desideratum.

TO WHICH IS ADDED AN
ACCOUNT of a BATTLE
Between the Antient and Modern
BOOKS in St. JAMES's Library.
By Dr. SWIFT.

Bafima eacabafa eanaa irraurifta, diarba da cacotaba
fobor camelanthi. IREN. lib. i. c. 18.

— Juvatque novos decerpere flores,
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ. Lucret.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :
Printed for JOSEPH WENMAN,
No. 144, FLEET-STREET.
M.DCC,LXXXI.

TALE OF THE

T

I

often
dov
adv
wo
cur
qui
con
gre
refi
of
cio
fit
br
po
the
no
rac
fif

A

TALE OF A TUB, &c.

S E C T. VII.

A Digression in Praise of Digressions.

I HAVE sometimes heard of an Iliad in a Nut-shell; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftner seen a Nut-shell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both: but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmost enquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great *modern* improvement of *Digressions*: the late refinements in knowledge, running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which among men of a judicious taste, are drest up in various compounds, consisting in Soups and Ollio's, Fricassees and Ragoufts.

'Tis true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations; and as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold to pronounce the example itself, a corruption and degeneracy of taste; they tell us, that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish, was at first introduced

in compliance to a depraved and debauched Appetite, as well as to a crazy Constitution: and to see a man hunting through an Ollio, after the Head and Brains of a Goose, a Widgeon, or a Woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that Digressions in a book are like Foreign Troops in a State, which argue the nation to want a Heart and Hands of its own, and often, either subdue the Natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors; 'tis manifest, the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. 'Tis acknowledged, that were the case the same among us, as with the Greeks and Romans, when Learning was in its cradle, to be reared and fed, and cloathed by Invention; it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subjects than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with Knowledge, it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country; which for a few days maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till provisions being spent, they sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Mean while, the neighbouring fields trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things, being thus entirely changed between Us and the Antients; and the Moderns wisely sensible of it, we of this age have discovered a shorter and more prudent method, to become Scholars and Wits, without the fatigue of Reading or of Thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present, is twofold: either first, to serve them as some men do Lords, learn their Titles exactly,

exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the Index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like Fishes by the Tail. For to enter the palace of Learning at the great Gate, requires an expence of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the Back-Door. For the arts are all in a flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body, by consulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their Wit on the Posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging Salt upon their Tails. Thus Human Life is best understood by the wise man's rule of *regarding the end*. Thus are the Sciences found like Hercules's oxen, by *tracing them backwards*. Thus are old Sciences unravelled like *old stockings*, by beginning at the *foot*.

Besides all this, the army of the Sciences hath been of late with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its *close order*, so that a view, or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to Systems and Abstracts, in which the *modern* Fathers of Learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For *labour* is the seed of *idleness*, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the *fruit*.

Now the method of growing wise, learned, and *sublime*, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms; the numbers of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned, that there is not at this present, a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature, to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a

volume. This I am told by a very skilful Computer, who hath given a full demonstration of it from rules of Arithmetic.

This, perhaps, may be objected against by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any Species of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of *modern* wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age, and which, of all others, hath borne the most and the fairest fruit. For though some remains of it were left us by the Ancients, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated or compiled into systems for *modern* use. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it has in some sort been both invented, and brought to a perfection by the same hands. What I mean, is that highly celebrated talent among the *modern* wits, of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprizing, agreeable, and apposite, from the *pudenda* of either sex, together with *their proper uses*. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, besides what is derived into these channels, I have sometimes had a thought, that the happy Genius of our age and country, was prophetically held forth by that ancient * typical description of the Indian pygmies, whose stature did not exceed above two feet; *sed quorum pudenda crassa, & ad talos usque pertingentia*. Now, I have been very curious to inspect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared. And although this vein hath bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath, to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians, † *who had a custom, and an instrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk*: yet I am under an apprehension it is near growing dry, and past all recovery; and that either some new *sonde* of

wit

* *Ctesia fragm. apud Photium.* † Herodot. L. 4.

A Digression in Praise of Digressions.

9

wit should, if possible, be provided, or else that we must e'en be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an uncontestable argument; that our *modern* Wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter for a constant supply. What remains therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large Indexes and little Compendiums? Quotations must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet: to this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet Critics, and Commentators, and Lexicons carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of *bright parts*, and *flowers*, and *Observanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on; by some called the *sieves* and *boulders* of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in *pearls* or meal; and consequently, whether we are more to value that which *passed through*, or what *staid behind*.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundest and most universal subjects. For, what though his Head be empty, provided his Common-Place-Book be full; and if you will bate him but the circumstances of Method, and Style, and Grammar, and Invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a Treatise, that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf, there to be preserved neat and clean, for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title, fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumb'd or greas'd by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library: but when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the tryal of Purgatory, in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we *modern* wits should ever have an opportunity to intro-

duce

10 A Digression in Praise of Digressions.

duce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature? for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion.

From such elements as these, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the Corporation of Authors can out-vie all its brethren in the field. A happiness derived to us with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom, the number of pens was so infinite, that the * Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it, than by saying, "That in the regions, far to the North, it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with Feathers."

The necessity of this Digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as a proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return with great alacrity to pursue a more important concern.

* Herodot. L. 4.

S E C T. VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE learned * Æolists maintain the original cause of all things to be Wind, from which principal this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath which had kindled, and blew up the flame of nature, should one day blow it out,

Quod procul a nobis flectat Fortuna gubernans.

This is what the Adepti understand by their Anima Mundi; that is to say, the Spirit, or Breath, or Wind of the world: for examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For, whether you please to call the Forma informans of man, by the name of Spiritus, Animus, Aflatus, or Anima; what are all these but several appellations for Wind? which is the ruling Element in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption. Farther, what is life itself, but as it is commonly call'd, the Breath of our nostrils? Whence it is very justly observed by naturalists, that Wind still continues of great emolument in certain Mysteries not to be named, giving occasion for those happy Epithets of Turgidus, and Inflatus, applied either to the Emittent, or Recipient organs.

By what I have gather'd out of ancient records, I find the Compass of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted

* All pretenders to inspiration whatsoever.

ted; among which the following maxim was of much weight; that since Wind had the master-share, as well as operation in every compound, by consequence those beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that Primordium appears most prominently to abound; and therefore, Man is in highest perfection of all created things, as having by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct Anima's or Winds, to which the sage Æolists, with much liberality, have added a fourth of equal necessity as well as ornament, with the other three; by this quantum Principium, taking in our four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned Cabbalist † Rumbastus, of placing the body of man, in due position to the four Cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, that Man brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of Wind, which may be called a Quinta essentia, extracted from the other four. This Quintessence is of a catholick use upon all emergencies of life, is improveable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged by certain methods in education. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Æolists, affirm the gift of BELCHING, to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year, you might behold the priests amongst them in vast numbers, with their ‡ Mouths gaping wide against a storm.

† This is one of the Names of Paracelsus; he was call'd Christophorus, Theophrastus, Paracelsus, Rumbastus.

‡ This is meant of those seditious preachers who blow up the seeds of rebellion, &c.

florm. At other times were to be seen several hundreds link'd together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a Tun; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech, did usually call their bodies, their vessels. When, by these, and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembody for the publick good, a plentiful share of their acquirements into their disciples chaps. For we must here observe, that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle. Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confess'd that learning puffeth men up: and secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism; Words are but Wind; and Learning is nothing but Words; Ergo, Learning is nothing but Wind. For this reason, the philosophers among them, did in their schools, deliver to their pupils, all their doctrines and opinions by Eructation, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristick, by which their chief sages were best distinguished, was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For after certain gripings, the Wind and vapours issuing forth: having first by their turbulence and convulsions within, caused an earthquake in man's little world; distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of Relievo. At which junctures, all their Belches were received for sacred, the sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meager devotees. And to render these yet more complete, because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore, the choicest, most edfying, and most enlivening Belches, were very wisely conveyed thro' that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Thei^c

Their Gods were the four Winds, whom they worshipped, as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all Inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of Latria, was the Almighty-North. An antient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis in Greece, had likewise in the highest reverence: § *Omnium Deorum Boream maxime celebrant*. This God, tho' endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed by the pro-founder Æolists, to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *Cælum Empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called *Σκόλια*, or the Land of Darkness. And altho' many controversies have arisen upon that matter; yet so much is undisputed, that from a region of the like Denomination, the most refined Æolists have borrowed their original; from whence, in every age, the zealous among their priesthood, have brought over their choicest Inspiration, fetching it with their own hands from the fountain-head, in certain Bladders, and displying it among the sectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily grasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner. 'Tis well known among the learned, that the virtuoso's of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving Winds in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea voyages; and the loss of so useful an art at present, is very much to be lamented, tho' I know not how, with great negligence omitted by || *Pancirollus*. It was an invention ascribed to Æolus himself, from whom this sect is denominated, and who, in honour of their

four.

§ *Pausan. L. 8.*

|| An author who writ *De Artibus Perditis, &c.* of arts lost, and of arts invented.

founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those Barrels, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top: into this Barrel, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also convey'd from his posteriors, to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiratoin from a Northern chink or crany. Whereupon, you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his Vessel. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance; which issuing ex adytis, and penetralibus, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the Wird in breaking forth, ¶ deals with his face, as it does with that of the sea; first blackening, then wrinkling, and at last bursting it into a Foam. It is in this guise, the sacred Æolist delivers his oracular Belches to his panting disciples; of whom, some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the Winds; and gently waisted to and fro by their own humming do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priest, that some authors maintain these Æolists to have been very antient in the world. Because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mention'd, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous Effluviiums of Wind, delivered with the same pain to the priests, and much about the same influence on the people. It is true indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by Female officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular Gusts, as entring and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing

¶ This an exact description of the changes made in the face by Enthusiastick preachers,

causing also a pruriency by the way, such, as with due management, hath been refined from carnal, into a spiritual extasy. And to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted, that this custom of * Female priests is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our Modern Æolists, who are agreed to receive their inspiration, derived thro' the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors, the Sibyls.

And, whereas the mind of man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never stop, but naturally sallies out into both extreams of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of fancy, commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other; with the same course and wing, he falls down plumb into the lowest bottom of things, like one who travels the East into the West; or, like a strait line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures, makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse; or, whether reason reflecting upon the sum of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half, by necessity, under shade and darkness; or, whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes over-short, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground. Or, whether after all these Metaphysical conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition, however, which hath stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true; that, as the most unciviliz'd parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a God, or supreme power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which
instead

* Quakers, who suffer their women to preach and pray.

instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a Devil. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough; for it is with men, whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate, as with those, whose bodies are so; that, as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of the precipice below.

Thus in the choice of a Devil it hath been the usual method of mankind, to single out some being, either in act, or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the God they had framed. Thus also the sect of Æolists possessed themselves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom, and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was established. The first of these, was the || Camelion, sworn foe to inspiration, who in scorn, devoured large influences of their God; without refunding the smallest blast by Eruetation. The other was a huge terrible monster, call'd Moulinavent, who with four strong arms waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dextrously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.

Thus furnish'd, and set out with Gods, as well as Devils, was the renown'd sect of Æolists; which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof, that polite nation of Laplanders, are beyond all doubt, a most authentick branch; of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æolists among us, as not only to buy their Winds by wholesale from the same mer-

|| I do not well understand what the author aims at here, any more than by the terrible monster, mentioned in the following lines, call'd Moulinavent, which is the French Word for a Windmill.

merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether the system here deliver'd, was wholly compiled by Jack, or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations suited to times and circumstances; I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and form'd it into the same dress and model, as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men, for whom I have a peculiar honour, and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For, I think it one of the greatest, and best of human actions, to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

S E C T. IX.

A digression concerning the original, the use and improvement of Madnefs in a commonwealth.

NOR shall it any ways detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author, as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellectuals were over-turn'd, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of Madnefs or Phrenzy. For, if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been perform'd in the world, under the influence of single men; which are, The establishment of New Empires by Conquest; the Advance and Progress of New Schemes in Philosophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating of New Religions: we shall find the authors of them all, to have been persons, whose natural reason hath admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which tho' of paucity and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons; and it is of no import, where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the upper Region of man is furnished like the middle Region of the air: the materials are form'd from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect.

Mist

Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghils, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire ; yet all clouds are the same in composition, as well as consequences ; and the fumes issuing from a jakes, will furnish as comely and useful a vapour, as incence from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me ; and then it will follow, that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcast and disturb'd, so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours, ascending from the lower faculties, to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now although these vapours (as it hath been already said) are of as various original, as those of the skies ; yet the crop they produce, differ both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances, to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

¶ A certain great prince rais'd a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet, and all this, without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers, or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarm'd ; the neighbouring crowns, in trembling expectations, towards what point the storm would burst ; the small politicians, every where forming profound conjectures. Some believ'd he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy : others, after much insight, determin'd the matter to be a project for pulling down the Pope, and setting up the reform'd religion, which had once been his own. Some, again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia to subdue the Turk, and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain * Stage-Surgeon, gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed

¶ This was Harry the Great of France.

* Ravillac, who stabbed Henry the Great in his Coach.

ed the operation, broke the bag, out flew the Vapour; nor did any thing want to render it a complete remedy, only, that the prince unfortunately happen'd to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this vapour took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze? What secret wheel, what hidden spring could put into motion so wonderful an engine; it was afterwards discover'd, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent Female, whose eyes had rais'd a protuberancy, and before emission, she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? He tried in vain the poet's never-failling receipt of Corpora quæque; for,

*Idque petit corpus mens unde est saucia amore;
Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestique coire.* *Lucr.*

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the Semen, rais'd and enflamed, became adust, converted to choler, turn'd head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain. The very same principal that influences a Bully to break the windows of a whore, who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories.

——Teterrima Belli
Causa——

The other † Instance is, what I have read somewhere, in a very antient author, of a mighty king, who for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take, and lose towns; beat armies, and be bea-

† This is meant of the late French King.

ten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend, and foe, male and female. 'Tis recorded, that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute. upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this Phenomenon. At last the Vapour or Spirit, which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seiz'd upon that region of human body, so renown'd for furnishing the † Zibet Occidentalis, and gathering there into a tumor, left the rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is, where those exhalations fix; and of so little, from whence they proceed. The same spirits which in their superior progress would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the Anus, conclude in a Fistula.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find, from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man, of taking into his head, to advance new systems with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known: from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples. Because it is plain, that several of the chief among them, both Ancient and Modern, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits, having generally proceeded in the common course of
the r

† Paracelsus, who was so famous for chymistry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of it; which when he had brought to perfection, he call'd Zibeta Occidentalis, or Western Civet, the back parts of man (according to his division mention'd by the author) being the West.

their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reason ; agreeing for the most part in their several models, with their present undoubted successors in the Academy of Modern Bedlam (whose merits and principles I shall farther examine in due place.) Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others ; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of Phlebotomy, and Whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and Straw. For, what man in the natural state, or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power, to reduce the notions of all mankind, exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own ? Yet this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped, that one time or other, a certain fortuitous concurrence of all men's opinions, after perpetual justlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would by certain Clinamina, unite in the notions of Atoms and Void, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his Romantick system, wrapt and drawn within his own Vortex. Now, I would gladly be inform'd how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my Phænomenon of Vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to over-shadow the brain, and their distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue, has not yet assign'd any other name, besides that of Madness or Phrenzy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass, that none of these great prescribers, do ever fail providing themselves and their notions, with a number of implicit disciples. And, I think, the reason is easy to be assign'd : for, there is a peculiar String in
the

the harmony of human understanding, which in several individuals is exactly of the same turning. This, if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance, lies all the skill or luck of the matter; for if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height, instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct to distinguish and adapt this noble talent, with respect to the differences of persons and of time. Cicero understood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our Hackney coachmen (who, it seems, in those days, were as arrant rascals as they are now) has these remarkable words: || *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sepe videre.* For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage, so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a Fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a Philosopher. Which I desire some certain Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable Innuendo.

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr. W-tt-n: a person, in appearance ordain'd for great designs, as well as performances; whether you will consider his Notions or his Looks. Surely no man ever advanced into the publick, with fitter qualifications of body and mind, for the propagation of a new religion. Oh had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of Dreams and Visions, where Distortion of mind and

COUR.

|| Epist. ad Fam. Trebatio.

countenance, are of such sovereign use ; the base detracting world would not then have dared to report, that something is amiss, that his brain hath undergone an unluckly shake ; which even his brother Modernists themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Lastly, whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of Enthusiasm, from whence, in all ages, have eternally proceeded such fatning streams, will find the spring head to have been as troubled and muddy as the current ; of such great emolument is a tincture of this Vapour, which the world calls madness, that without its help the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, Conquest and Systems, but even all mankind would happily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former Postulatum being held, that it is of no import from what originals this Vapour proceeds, but either in what Angles it strikes and spreads over the understanding, or upon what Species of brain it ascends ; It will be a very delicate point, to cut the feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain, can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same Vapour, as to be the sole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and monsieur Des Cartes. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in ; it strains my faculties to their highest stretch : and I desire the reader to attend with the utmost perpenstity : for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

+ There is in mankind a certain * * * * *

+ Here is another defect in the manuscript, but I think the author did wisely, and that the matter which thus strained his faculties, was not worth a solution ; and it were well if all metaphysical cobweb problems were no otherwise answered.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

Hic multa disiderantur.—And this I take to be a clear solution of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly past through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion, that if the Moderns mean by Madness, only disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain Vapours issuing up from the lower faculties: then has this Madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions, that have happened in Empire, in Philosophy, and in Religion. For, the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposed its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thought of subduing multitudes to his own Power, his Reasons or his Visions; and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions; because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason, when imagination is at cuffs with the senses, and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kickt out of doors; the first proselyte he makes, is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without, as vigorously as from within. For, cant and vision are to the ear and the eye, the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as Dupe and play the wag with the senses. For, if we take an examination of what is generally understood by Happiness, as it has respect, either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition, that it is a perpetual possession of being

well

well deceived. And first, with relation to the mind or understanding; 'tis manifest. what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is just at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions than fortune or nature will be at expence to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice, thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between Things past and Things conceived: and so the question is only this; Whether things that have place in the Imagination, may not as properly be said to Exist, as those that are seated in the Memory; which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the Womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the Grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of Delusion? How shrunk is every thing, as it appears in the glass of nature! So, that if it were not for the assistance of artificial Mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish, and tinsel; there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will; men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom, the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities; and an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of Unmasking, which I think, has never been allowed fair stage, either in the World, or in the Play-house.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind, than curiosity; so far preferable is that wisdom, which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with information and discoveries, that in the inside

they are good for nothing. The two senses, to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch; these never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously, with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come; I do here think fit to inform the reader, that in such conclusions as these, reason is certainly in the right; and that in most corporeal beings, which have fallen under my cognizance, the Outside hath been infinitely preferable to the In: whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe, how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcass of a Beau to be stript in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of clothes. Then I laid open his Brain, his Heart, and his Spleen: but, I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk: from all which, I justly formed this conclusion to myself; that whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, (like him who held Anatomy to be the ultimate end of Physic.) And he, whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can with Epicurus content his ideas with the Films and Images that fly off upon his sense

from

from the Superficies of things; such a man truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lay up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called, the Possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to Madness. It is certain, that according to the system I have above deduced; every Species thereof proceeds from a redundancy of Vapours; therefore, as some kinds of Phrenzy give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other Species, which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain: Now, it usually happens, that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which for want of business, either vanish, and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home and sling it all out of the windows. By which are mystically displayed the two principal branches of Madness, and which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistook to be different in their causes, over-hastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundancy.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address, is to furnish employment for this redundancy of Vapour, and prudently to adjust the season of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man chusing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulph, from whence proceeds a hero, and is called the saviour of his country; another atchieves the same enterprize, but unluckily timing it, has left the brand of Madness, fixed as a reproach upon his memory; upon so nice a distinction are we taught to repeat the name of Curtius with reverence and love; that of Empedocles, with hatred and contempt. Thus, also it is usually conceived, that the elder Brutus only personated the Fool and Madman for the good of the

public, but this was nothing else, than a redundancy of the same Vapour, long misapplied, called by the Latins, * *Ingenium par negotiis*: or, (to translate it as nearly as I can) a sort of Phrenzy, never in its right element, till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious; I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking, to Sir E——d S———r, Sir C———r M———ve, Sir J———n B———ls, J———n H———w, Esq; and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill, for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent; who shall be empowered to send for Persons, Papers, and Records; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor; to observe with utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state, * * * * * Civil and Military; proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And, I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great solitudes in this important affair, upon account of that high esteem I have borne that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piece-meal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his pisspot in the spectators' faces? Let the right worshipful, the Commissioners of Inspection, give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling, in a sound without period or article? What wonderful talents are here mislaid! Let him be fur-

nished

* Tacit.

nished immediately with a green bag and papers, and * three Pence in his pocket, and away with him to Westminster-hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses, *Ecce † cornuta erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in one pace, intreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times and taxes, and the Whore of Babylon; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock: dreams of Fire, and Shop-lifters, and Court-customers, and Privileged Places. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to, if the owner were sent into the City among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself, biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance chequered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands: a great saver of time, somewhat thick of hearing, very short of sight, but more of memory. A man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of whispering Nothing. A huge idolater of monosyllables and procrastination; so ready to give his word to every body, that he never keeps it. One that has forgot the common Meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the Sound. Extremely subject to the Looseness, for his Occasions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals: "Sir, (says he) give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song: but give me the penny first." (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a Song.) What a complete system of Court Skill is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly

B 4

lost

* A lawyer's coach-hire. † Cornutus, is either horned or shining, and by this term, Moses is described in the vulgar Latin of the Bible.

lost with wrong application? Accost the hole of another kennel, first stopping your nose, you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet, is the reversion of his own ordure, which expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last re-infunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet, upon its first declination; like other insects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath; he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt, withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think, the society of Warwick-lane should have no more concern, for the recovery of so useful a member, who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The Keeper desires you not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt: to him alone is allowed the liberty of the anti-chamber, and the Orator of the place gives you to understand, that this solemn person is a Taylor, run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which, at present, I shall not farther enlarge. -----* Heark in your Ear ----- I am strangely mistaken, if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall

* I cannot conjecture what the author means here, or how this chasm could be filled, though it is capable of more than one interpretation.

I shall not descend so minutely, as to insist upon the vast number of Beaux, Fiddlers, Poets, and Politicians, that the world might recover by such a reformation? But what is more material, besides the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied: it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this enquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest, from what I have already shewn; and shall inforce by this one plain instance; that even, I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person, whose imaginations are hard-mouthed, and exceedingly disposed to run away with his Reason, which I have observed from long experience, to be a very light rider, and easily shook off; upon which account, my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise, to vent my speculations in this, or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind; which, perhaps, the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that Modern charity and tenderness, usually annexed to his Office, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

S E C T. X.

A T A L E of a T U B.

IT is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years, between the nation of Authors, and that of Readers. There can hardly pop * out a Play, a Pamphlet, or a Poem, without a preface full of acknowledgment to the world, for the general reception and applause they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to His Majesty, and both houses of Parliament; to the Lords of the king's most honourable privy-council; to the reverend the Judges; to the Clergy, and Gentry, and Yeomanry of this land: but in a more especial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at Will's Coffee-house, and Gresham-college, and Warwick-lane, and Moor-fields, and Scotland-yard, and Westminster-hall, and Guild-hall: in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country; for their generous and universal acceptance of this divine Treatise. I accept their approbation, and good opinion with extreme gratitude, and to the utmost of my poor capacity shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy, that Fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of Booksellers and Authors, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an Author how his last piece hath succeeded: "Why,
" truly,

* This is literally true, as we may observe in the Prefaces to most Plays, Poems, &c.

"truly, he thanks his stars, the world has been very
 "favourable, and he has not the least reason to com-
 "plain: and yet, by G—, he writ it in a week at
 "bits and starts, when he could steal an hour from
 "his urgent affairs;" as it is a hundred to one you
 may see farther in the Preface, to which he refers
 you; and for the rest, to the Bookseller. There you
 go as a customer, and make the same question: "He
 "blesse his God, the *thing* takes wonderfully, he is
 "just printing a Second Edition, and has but three
 "left in his shop." You beat down the price:
 "Sir, we shall not differ;" and in hopes of your cus-
 tom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as
 you please; "and pray send as many of your ac-
 "quaintance as you will, I shall upon your account
 "furnish them all at the same rate."

Now, it is not well enough considered, to what ac-
 cidents and occasions the world is indebted for the
 greatest part of those noble writings, which hourly
 start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy
 day, a drunken Vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course
 of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long
 taylor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot
 sun, collive diet, want of books, and a just contempt
 of learning: but for these events, I say, and some
 others, too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect
 of taking brimstone inwardly) I doubt, the number
 of Authors, and of Writings, would dwindle away
 to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this
 opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte
 Philosopher: "'Tis, certain (said he) some grains of
 "folly are of course annexed as part of the compo-
 "sition of human nature, only the choice is left us,
 "whether we please to wear them inlaid or em-
 "bossed: and we need not go very far to seek how
 "that is usually determined, when we remember, it
 "is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest
 "will be ever at the top."

There is in this famous island of Britain a certain paultry Scribbler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called *Second Parts*, and usually passes under the name of *The Author of the first*. I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my pen, this nimble Operator will have stole it, and treat me as inhumanly as he hath already done Dr. Bl——re, L—ge, and many others who shall here be nameless; I therefore fly for justice and relief, into the hands of that great *rectifier of saddles*, and *lover of mankind*, Dr. B——ley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most *modern* consideration: and if it should so happen, that the *furniture of an ass*, in the shape of a Second Part, must for my sins be clapt by a mistake upon my back, that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burthen, and take it home to *his own house*, till the *true beast* thinks fits to call for it.

In the mean time I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are, to circumscribe within this discourse the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I scorn to set up the leavings in the cupboard. What the Guests cannot eat may be given to the Poor, and the * Dogs under the table may gnaw the Bones. This I understand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's stomach, by inviting them again to-morrow to a scurvy meal of scraps.

If

* By Dogs, the author means common injudicious Critics, as he explains it himself before in his Digression upon Critics, (page 66.)

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing Section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous Treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes, the Superficial, the Ignorant, and the Learned: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The *superficial* reader will be strangely provoked to laughter: which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the Spleen, and the most innocent of all Diuretics. The *ignorant* reader (between whom and the former, the distinction is extremely nice) will find himself disposed to *stare*; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps *perspiration*. But the reader truly *learned*, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every Prince in Christendom will take seven of the deepest Scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for seven years, in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earnest request, that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon (if their Majesties please) with all convenient speed; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing, which we *mysterious* writers can seldom reach, till we have got into our graves. Whether it is, that Fame being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the Stock is in the earth: or, whether

whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured among the rest, to pursue after the scent of a Carcass : or, whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest, when she stands on a Tomb, by the advantage of a rising ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

'Tis true, indeed, the republic of *dark* authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of *dying*, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For, *Night* being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be *fruitful* in the proportion they are *dark*; and therefore, the * *true illuminated* (that is to say, the *darkest* of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose *scholastic* midwifery hath delivered them of meanings, that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them. † The words of such writers being like seed, which however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.

And therefore in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few *inuendo's*, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits, who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And first, ‡ I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of O's multiplied by seven, and divided by nine : also, if a devout brother of the Rosy Cross will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings, with a lively

* A name of the Rosycrucians.

† Nothing is more frequent than for commentators to force interpretations, which the author never meant.

‡ This is what the Cabbalists among the Jews have done with the Bible, and pretend to find wonderful mysteries by it.

lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables according to prescription, in the second and fifth Section; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this Treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference; the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of † Bythus and Sige, and be sure not to forget the qualities of Acamoth; *A cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia, a risu lucida, a tristitia solida, & a timore mobilis*; wherein † Eugenius Philalethes hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

S E C T.

† I was told by an eminent divine, whom I consulted on this point, that these two barbarous words, with that of Acamoth and its qualities, as here set down, are quoted from Irenæus. This he discovered by searching that ancient writer for another quotation of our author, which he has placed in the title-page, and refers to the book and chapter; the curious were very inquisitive, whether those barbarous words, *Basima Eacabasa*, &c. are really in Irenæus, and upon enquiry it was found they were a sort of cant or jargon of certain Heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to such a book as this of our author.

† Vid. *Anima magica abscondita*. To the above-mentioned Treatise, called *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, there is another annexed, called *Anima Magica Abscondita*, written by the same author, Vaughan, under the name of *Eugenius Philalethes*, but in neither of those treatises is there any mention of Acamoth or its qualities, so that this is nothing but amusement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words, *A cujus lacrymis*, &c. are, as we have said,
transcribe

S E C T. XI.

A T A L E O F A T U B.

AFTER so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and close in with my subject, and shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way; whereof, though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in Writing, it is as in Travelling, if a man is in haste to be at home, (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there) if his Horse be tired with long riding, and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty: but, then surely, we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best; he spatters himself and his fellow-travellers at every step: all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end; and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the Devil.

On the other side, when a Traveller and his Horse are in heart and plight, when his purse is full, and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean or convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can; but upon the first occasion,
carries

transcribed from Irenæus, though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's designs was to set curious men a hunting through Indexes, and enquiring for books out of the common road.

carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves and be d—n'd: he'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiously through, the men, women, and children run out to gaze, a hundred *noisy curs run barking after him, of which, if he honours the boldest with a *lash of his whip*, it is rather out of sport than revenge. But should some *sourer mungrel* dare too near an approach, he receives a *salute* on the chaps by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, (nor is any ground lost by the blow) which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes, the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore, his next care must be from two of the foregoing, to extract a scheme of notions, that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

Jack had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently, as to give rise to that epidemic sect of *Æolists*; but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading, and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible; and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought

* By these are meant what the author calls, the *True Critics*, Page 66.

brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question, but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such, whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make Shadows, no thanks to the sun; and then mold them into substances, no thanks to Philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the Letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

Jack had provided a fair copy of his father's Will, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions about the management and wearing their coats, with legacies and penalties, in case of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy, that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. "Gentlemen (said he) I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the Philosopher's Stone, and the Universal Medicine." * In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paltry occasions of life. He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased: so that it served him for a night cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe, or when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or if any thing lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny, they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation,

* The author here lashes those pretenders to purity, who place so much merit in using Scripture-phrases on all occasions.

† ran wholly in the phrase of his will, and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from thence. Once at a strange house, he was suddenly taken short, upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the backside; he chose rather as the more prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again: because having consulted the Will upon this emergency, he met with a ‡ passage near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber; is not known) which seemed to forbid it.

He made it a part of his religion, never to say § grace to his meat, nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat || his victuals *like a Christian*.

He

† The Protestant Dissenters use Scripture Phrases in their serious discourses and composures, more than the Church-of-England Men; accordingly Jack is introduced, making his common talk and conversation to run wholly in the phrase of his WILL. W. Wotton.

‡ I cannot guess the author's meaning here, which I would be very glad to know, because it seems to be of importance.

§ The slovenly way of receiving the Sacrament among the Fanatics.

|| This is a common phrase to express eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective against that indecent manner among some people in receiving the Sacrament; so in the lines before, which is to be understood of the Dissenters refusing to kneel at the Sacrament.

He bore a strange kind of appetite to † *Snaf-dragon*, and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle, which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and by this procedure, maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils, and his mouth; made his head appear in a dark night, like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, *to the terror of his Majesty's liege subjects*. Therefore he made use of no other expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say, that *a wise man was his own lanthorn*.

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets, and if he happened to bounce his head against a post or fall into the kennel, as he seldom missed either to do one or both, he would tell the gibing prentices, who looked on, that "he submitted with entire resignation, as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff, and whoever durst undertake to do either, would be sure to come off with a swinging fall, or a bloody nose". It was ordained, (said he) some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and therefore, nature thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely, the business might have been a great deal worse; for, how many a confounded slip is daily got by man, with all his foresight about him? besides, the eyes of the understanding see best, when those of the senses are out of the way; and therefore blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much

† I cannot well find the author's meaning here, unless it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of Enthusiasts.

" much confidence, upon the virtue of the visual
 " nerve, which every little accident shakes out of or-
 " der, and a drop, or a film, can wholly discon-
 " cert; like a lantern among a pack of roaring bul-
 " lies, when they scower the streets; exposing its
 " owner, and itself, to outward kicks and buffets,
 " which both might have escaped, if the vanity of
 " appearing would have suffered them to walk in the
 " dark. But, farther; if we examine the Conduct
 " of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great
 " deal worse than their Fortune: 'Tis true, I have
 " broke my nose against this post, because fortune
 " either forgot, or did not think it convenient to
 " twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to
 " avoid it. But, let not this encourage either the
 " present age, or posterity, to trust their noses into
 " the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the
 " fairest way of losing them for good and all. For,
 " O ye eyes, ye blind guides; miserable guardians
 " are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten
 " upon the first precipice in view, and then tow our
 " wretched willing bodies after you, to the very
 " brink of destruction: but, alas, that brink is rotten;
 " our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a
 " gulph, without one hospitable shrub in the way to
 " break the fall; to which not any nose of mortal
 " make is equal, except that of the giant * Laurcal-
 " co, who was Lord of the Silver Bridge. Most pro-
 " perly, therefore, O Eyes, and with great justice,
 " may you be compared to those foolish lights, which
 " conduct men through dirt and darkness, till they
 " fall into a deep pit, or a noisome bog."

This I have produced, as a scantling of Jack's
 great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon
 such abstruse matters.

He

* Vide Don Quixotte.

He was besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of Devotion, having introduced a new deity, who hath since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called Babel, by others, Chaos; who had an antient temple of Gothic Structure upon Salisbury-Plain; famous for its shrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

† When he had some roguish trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, tho' in the midst of the kennel. Then it was that those who understood his pranks, would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh, or to listen; he would of a sudden, with one hand out with his gear, and pifs full in their eyes, and with the other, all to bespatter them with mud.

‡ In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let in the ambient heat, and in summer, lapped himself close and thick to keep it out.

§ In all revolutions of government, he would make his court for the office of Hangman General; and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dextrous, would make use of no || other Vizard than a long prayer.

He had a tongue so musculous and subtil, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms, who began to improve the Spanish accom-

† The villanies and cruelties committed by the enthusiasts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the disguise of religion and long prayers.

‡ They affect differences in habit and behaviour.

§ They are severe persecutors, and all in a form of cant and devotion.

|| Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, to seek God, when they resolved to murder the king.

accomplishment of braying; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and erected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the Original and the Copy.

He was troubled with a disease, reverse to that called the stinging of the Tarantula; and would * run dog mad at the noise of music, especially a pair of Bag-pipes. But he would cure himself again, by taking two or three turns in Westminster-hall, or Billingsgate, or in a Boarding-School, or the Royal-Exchange, or a State Coffee-House.

He was a person that † feared no colours, but mortally hated all, and upon that account, bore a cruel aversion to Painters; insomuch, that in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaded with stones, to pelt at the Signs.

Having from this manner of living, frequent occasion to wash himself, he would often leap over head and ears in the water, though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a ‡ Soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the Ears; it was a compound of Sulphur, and Balm of Gilead, with a little Pilgrim's Salve.

He wore a large plaister of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervour of which, he could set himself

* This is to expose our Dissenters' aversion to instrumental music in churches. W. Wotton.

† They quarrel at the most innocent decency and ornament, and deface the statues and paintings on all the churches in England.

‡ Fanatic preaching, composed either of hell and damnation, or a salsome description of the joys of heaven, both in such a dirty, nauseous stile, as to be well resembled to Pilgrim's Salve.

himself a groaning, like the famous board, upon application of a red-hot iron.

* He would stand in the turning of a street, and calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, "Worthy Sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps:" to another, "honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick in the arse: Madam shall I entreat a small box on the ear, from your Ladyship's fair hands? noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours, over these poor shoulders." And when he had by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the Public Good. "Observe this stroke," said he, shewing his bare shoulders, "a plaguy Janizary gave it me this very morning at seven o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the Great Turk. Neighbours mind, this broken head deserves a plaister; had poor Jack been tender of this noddle, you would have seen the Pope, and the French King, long before this time of day, among your wives and your ware-houses. Dear Christians, the Great Mogul was come as far as White-Chapel, and you may thank these poor sides that he hath not (God bless us) already swallowed up man, woman, and child."

† It was highly worth observing, the singular effects

* The fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution, and count vast merit upon every little hardship they suffer.

† The papists and fanatics, though they appear the most averse to each other, yet bear a near resemblance in many things, as has been observed by learned men.

Ibid. The agreement of our dissenters and the papists, in that which Bishop Stillingfleet called, The Fanaticism

fects of that aversion, or antipathy, which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear towards each other. Peter had lately done some Rogueries, that forced him to abscond; and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town, from each other; and whenever their occasions, or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds, they could invent; that they might be sure to avoid one another: yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which, is easy enough to apprehend: for, the phrenzy and the spleen of both, having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same center: which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape, and size, and their mien. Insomuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders, and cry, "Mr. Peter, you are the King's prisoner." Or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest Friends, to accost Jack with open arms, "Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee, pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms." This we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long; and finding, how directly opposite all his endeavours

36 C had

Fanaticism of the Church of Rome, is ludicrously described for several pages together by Jack's likeness to Peter, and their being often mistaken for each other, and their frequent meeting, when they least intended it. W. Wotton.

had answered to the sole end and intention, which he proposed to himself; how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his Coat bore all the punishment; the orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress, without missing a piece of it. He hired a taylor to stitch up the collar so close, that it was ready to choak him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat, he rubbed every day for two hours, against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of Lace and Embroidery; but at the same time went on with so much violence, that he proceeded a Heathen Philosopher. Yet after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags, to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery; there being a sort of a fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes: so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flanging, which assisting the resemblance in the person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both.

*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

Desunt nonnulla.

The old Slavonian proverb said well, That "it is with men, as with asses; whoever would keep them fast, must find a very good hold at their ears." Yet, I think, we may affirm, that it hath been verified by repeated experience. that,

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

It

It is good therefore, to read the maxims of our ancestors, with great allowances to times and persons: for, if we look into primitive records, we shall find, that no revolutions have been so great, or so frequent, as those of human Ears. In former days, there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which I think, we may justly reckon among the *Artes perditæ*: and how can it be otherwise, when in these latter centuries, the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far, as to mock our skillfullest Tenure? For, if the only flitting of one ear in a flag, hath been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest; why should we wonder at the greatest consequences, from so many hoppings and mutilations, to which the ears of our fathers and our own, have been of late so much exposed. 'Tis true, indeed, that while this island of ours, was under the Dominion of Grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of Ears once more among us. The proportion of largeness, was not only looked upon as an ornament of the Outward man, but as a type of grace in the Inward. Besides, it is held by naturalists, that if there be a protuberancy of parts, in the Superior region of the body, as in the Ears and Nose, there must be a parity also in the Inferior: and therefore in that truly pious age, the Males in every assembly, according as they were lifted, appeared very forward in exposing their Ears to view, and the regions about them; because * Hippocrates tells us, that "when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch:" And the Females were nothing backward in be- holding and edifying by them: whereof those who had already used the Means, looked about them with great concern in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect: others, who stood candi-

C 2

dates

* *Lib. de ære, locis & aquis.*

dates for Benevolence, found there a plentiful choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest Ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member, as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescencies, were sure to honour every head they sat upon, as if they had been Marks of Grace; but, especially, that of the preacher, whose Ears were usually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages, to the people; in his rhetorical Paroxysms, turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other: from which custom, the whole operation of preaching is to this very day among their professors, stiled by the phrase of holding forth.

Such was the progress of the saints, for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought, the success would have been every way answerable, if in process of time, a * cruel king had not arose, who raised a bloody persecution against all Ears, above a certain standard: upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a perriwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this, more hereafter, in my General History of Ears; which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of Ears, in the last age, and the small care had to advance their antient growth in the present, it is manifest, how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery; and that, whoever desired to catch mankind fast, must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human

nature

* This was King Charles the Second, who at his restauration, turned out all the dissenting teachers that would not conform,

nature, with circumspection enough, may discover several Handles, whereof the * Six senses afford one apiece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few rivetted to the intellect. Among these last, Curiosity is one, and of all others, affords the firmest grasp; Curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy and impatient, and a grunting reader. By this Handle it is, that an author should sieze upon his readers; which as soon as he hath once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dullness force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore, I the author of this miraculous treatise have hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained by the aforesaid Handle, a firm hold upon my gentle readers: it is with great reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them in the perusal of what remains, to that natural Oscitancy inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers the remaining part of these memoirs; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprizing; and therefore calculated in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas, with my utmost endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a full account, how Peter got a Protection out of the King's-Bench; and of a † reconciliation between

* Including Scaliger's.

† In the reign of King James the second, the presbyterians by the king's invitation joined with the Papists against the church of England, and address'd him for repeal of the penal-laws and test. The king by his dispensing power, gave liberty of conscience,

between Jack and him, upon a design they had in a certain rainy Night, to trepan brother Martin into a Spunging-house, and there strip him to the skin. How Martin, with much ado, shew'd them both a fair pair of heels. How a new Warrant came out against Peter : upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, stole his Protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion at Court and City ; how he † got upon a great Horse, and eat ‡ Custard. But the particulars of all these, with several others, which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions ; but conjuring them by all the friendship that hath passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths, for an accident past remedy ; I now go on to the ceremonical part of an accomplish'd writer, and therefore, by a courtly Modern, least of all others to be omitted.

which both Papists and Presbyterians made use of but upon the revolution, the Papists being down of course, the Presbyterians freely continued their assemblies, by virtue of king James's indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This I believe the author means by Jack's stealing Peter's protection, and making use of it himself.

† Sir Humphry Edwyn, a Presbyterian, was some years ago lord-mayor of London, and had the honour to go in his formalities to a conventicle, with the ensign of his office.

‡ Custard is a famous dish at Lord Mayor's feast.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOING too long is a cause of abortion as effectual, tho' not so frequent, as Going too short, and holds true especially in the Labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble † Jesuit who first adventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and dyer, and diversions:—and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this, among other French modes. I am living fast, to see the time, when a Book that misses its tide, shall be neglected, as the Moon by day, or like Mackarel a week after the season. No man hath more nicely observed our climate, than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work; he knows to a tittle what subjects will best go off in a dry year, and who it is proper to expose foremost, when the weather-glass is fallen to much rain. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his Almanack upon it; he gave me to understand, that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were the Bulk, and the Subject; and found, it would never take. but after a long vacation, and then only, in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, considering my urgent Necessities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He look'd Westward, and said, I doubt we shall have a Fit of bad Weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter (but not in verse) or a small treatise upon the—— it would run like Wild-Fire. But, if it hold up, I

C 4

have

† Pere d'Orleans.

have already hired an author to write something against Dr. B-ntl-y, which I am sure will turn to Account.

At length we agreed upon this expedient; that, when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author; he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming which ever of the wits shall happen to be that week in the vogue; and if Durfy's last play should be in course, I had as lieve, he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of courteous readers; and have often observed, with singular pleasure, that a Fly, driven from a Honey-pot, will immediately, with very good appetite alight, and finish his meal on an Excrement.

I have one word to say upon the subject of Profound Writers, who are grown very numerous of late; and, I know very well, the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being Profound, that it is with Writers. as with Wells; a person with good eyes may see the bottom of the deepest, provided any Water be there; and that often, when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, besides Dryness and Dirt, though it be but a yard and half underground, it shall pass, however, for wonderful Deep, upon no wiser a reason than because it is wonderful Dark.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors; which is, to write upon Nothing: when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on; by some called, the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of discerning when to have Done. By the time that an author has writ out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintants, and grow very loth to part; so that I have

THE CONCLUSION. 87

have sometimes known it to be in writing, as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave, has employ'd more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise, resembles the conclusion of human life, which hath sometimes been compared to the end of a feast; where few are satisfied to depart, ut plenus vita conviva: for men will sit down after the fullest meal, tho' it be only to doze, or to sleep out the rest of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from the other writers; and shall be too proud, if by all my labours, I can have any ways contributed to the Repose of mankind in § times so turbulent and unquiet as these. Neither, do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a Wit, as some would suppose. For among a very polite nation in || Greece there were the same temples built and consecrated to Sleep and the muses, between which two deities, they believed the strictest friendship was established.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader; that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line, or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen, and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets, in dirty weather, or a rainy day; he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their ease from a window, to critic his gait, and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposal of employments of the brain I have thought fit to make invention the Master, and, give Method, and Reason, the office of its Lacqueys. The cause of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar case, to be often under a temptation of being Witty, upon occasion, where I could be neither Wise nor Sound, nor any thing to the matter in

C 5

hand.

§ This was writ before the peace of Ryſwick.

|| Trezenii, Pausan. l. 2.

band. And; I am too much a servant of the Modern way, to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at, to introduce them. For, I have observed, that from a laborious collection of seven hundred thirty eight Flowers, and shining Hints of the best Modern authors, digested with great reading, into my book of Common places; I have not been able after five years to draw, hook, or force into common conversation, any more than a dozen; of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success, by being drop'd among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains, and traps, and Ambages to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment, (to discover a secret) I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an Author; and I have since found among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For, I have remarked many a towardly Word, to be wholly neglected or despised in Discourse, which hath passed very smoothly, with some consideration and esteem, after its preferment and sanction in Print. But now, since by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities, to expose the talents I have acquired; I already discover, that the Issues of my Observanda begin to grow too large for the Receipts. Therefore, I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse, and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both, to resume my pen.

A

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF THE

B A T T L E

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY,

BETWEEN THE

ANTIENT AND THE MODERN

B O O K S

IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.

THE AND THE

B. A. T. H.

FOURTH EDITION

ANTHONY AND THE

B. O. A. S.

IN THE

THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former; I mean the year 1697. when the famous dispute was on foot, about Ancient and Modern Learning. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple's, upon that subject; which was answered by W. Wotton, B. D. with an appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris, for authors, whom Sir William Temple had in the essay beforemention'd, highly commended. In that appendix, the doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the honourable Charles Boyle (now Earl of Orrery) to which Mr. Boyle reply'd at large, with great learning and wit; and the doctor, voluminously, rejoin'd. In this dispute, the town highly resented to see a person of Sir William Temple's character and merits, roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, their appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tell us that the Books in St. James's library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concern'd, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but

62 The BOOKSELLER to the READER.

the manuscript, by the injury of fortune, or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader, to beware of applying to persons what is here meant, only of books in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mention'd, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet, call'd by that name ; but only certain sheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print, the works of the said poet : and so of the rest.

THE
P R E F A C E
OF THE
A U T H O R.

SATYR is a sort of Glass, wherein beholders do generally discover every body's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and, I have learned from long experience, never to apprehend mischief from those understandings, I have been able to provoke; for, anger and fury, though they add strength to the Sinews of the Body, yet are found to relax those of the Mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a Brain that will endure but one Scumming; let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry; but of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters; because, that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no supply. Wit, without knowledge, being a sort of Cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand, may be soon whipt into Froth; but once scumm'd away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.

A FULL

THE
H. R. B. & C.

OF THE

W. L. B.

It is the duty of every citizen to be informed of the
proceedings of the government, and to be able to
express his opinion on the measures proposed.
The first step towards this is to be informed of the
facts of the case, and to be able to judge of the
merits of the measures proposed. This can be done
by reading the reports of the government, and by
listening to the speeches of the members of the
legislature. It is also important to be able to
express one's opinion on the measures proposed, and
to be able to vote on the measures proposed. This
can be done by attending the meetings of the
legislature, and by voting on the measures proposed.
It is the duty of every citizen to be informed of the
proceedings of the government, and to be able to
express his opinion on the measures proposed. This
can be done by reading the reports of the government,
and by listening to the speeches of the members of the
legislature. It is also important to be able to
express one's opinion on the measures proposed, and
to be able to vote on the measures proposed. This
can be done by attending the meetings of the
legislature, and by voting on the measures proposed.

A FULL AND TRUE

ACCOUNT of the BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY, &c.

WHOEVER examines with due circumspection into the *Annual Records of Time, will find it remark'd, that War is the child of Pride, and Pride the Daughter of Riches: the former of which assertions may be soon granted; but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter:—for Pride is nearly related to beggary and want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both; and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out, when all have enough: invasions usually travelling from North to South, that is to say, from poverty to plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels, are Lust and Avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethern or collateral branches of Pride, are certainly the issues of Want. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon the politics, we may observe in the republick of Dogs, (which in its original seems to be an institution of the Many) that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace, after a full meal; and, that civil broils arise among them, when it happens for one great Bone to be seized on by some leading Dog, who either divides it among the Few, and then it falls to an Oligarchy, or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a Tyranny. The same reasoning also, holds place among them,

* Riches produceth pride; pride is war's ground,
 &c. Vid. Ephem. de Mary Clarke; opt. Edit.

them, in those dissensions we behold upon a turbulence in any of their females; for the right of possession lying in common (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case) jealousies and suspicious do so abound, that the whole common-wealth of that street, is reduced to a manifest State of War, of every Citizen against every Citizen; till some of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize: upon which, naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and snarling against the Happy Dog. Again, if we look upon any of these republicks engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find, the same reasoning will serve, as to the grounds and occasions of each; and that Poverty or Want, in some degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case) has a great share, as well as Pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state, or common-wealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms; and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at: for, the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation: this quarrel first began (as I have heard it affirm'd by an old dweller in the neighbourhood) about a smaller spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus; the highest and largest of which, had it seems, been time out of mind, in quiet possession of certain tenants, call'd the Ancients; and the other was held by the Moderns. But these disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the Antients, complaining of a great nuisance, how the height of that part of Parnassus, quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially

cially towards the East ; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative ; either that the Antients would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summit, which the Moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their place ; or else, that the said Antients, will give leave to the Moderns, to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill, as low as they shall think it inconvenient. To which, the Ancients made answer ; how little they expected such a message as this, from a colony, whom they had admitted out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood. That, as to their own seat, they were Aborigines of it, and therefore, to talk with them of a removal or surrender, was a language they did not understand. That, if the height of the hill, on their side, shortened the prospect of the Moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help, but desired them to consider whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompenced by the Shade and Shelter it afforded them. That, as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not know, how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts, without any damage to itself. That they would therefore advise the Moderns, rather to raise their own side of the hill than dream of pulling down that of the Ancients ; to the former of which, they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the Moderns, with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients ; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintain'd on the one part, by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies ; but, on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats, affording continual recruits. In this quarrel, whole rivulets of Ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must
here

here be understood, that Ink is the great missive weapon, in all battles of the Learned, which conveyed thro' a sort of engine, call'd a Quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of Porcupines. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are Gall and Copperas, by its bitterness and venom, to suit in some degree, as well as to foment the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expence, to keep itself in countenance, (a laudable and antient custom, happily revived of late, in the art of war) so the Learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do on both sides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a battle, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as, Disputes, Arguments, Rejoinders, Brief Considerations, Answers, Replies, Remarks, Reflections, Objections, Confutations. For a few days they are fix'd up in all publick places, either by themselves or their † representatives, for passengers to gaze at: from whence the chiefeft and largest are removed to certain magazines, they call Libraries, there to remain in a quarter purposely assign'd them, and from thencefore begin to be called, Books of Controversy.

In these books, is wonderfully instilled and preserved, the spirit of each warrior, while he is alive, and after his death, his soul transmigrates there, to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion; but,

† Their title pages.

but, I believe, it is with libraries, as with other cœmeteries, where some philosophers affirm, that a certain spirit, which they call *Brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to Dust, or to Worms, but then vanishes or dissolves: so, you may say, a restless spirit haunts over every Book, till Dust or Worms have seiz'd upon it; which to some, may happen in a few days, but to others later: and therefore, Books of controversy, being of all others, haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest; and for fear of mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors, to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention, the original occasion was this: when the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain great library and had lodgings appointed them; this author was no sooner settled, than he went to visit his master Aristotle, and there both concerted together, to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out of his antient station among the Divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead: but to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all Polemicks of the larger size, should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the publick peace of libraries might certainly have been preserv'd, if a new species of controversial books had not arose of late years, instinct with a most malignant spirit, from the war above mention'd, between the Learned, about the higher summit of Parnassus.

When these books were first admitted into the publick libraries, I remember to have said upon occasion, to several persons concern'd, how I was sure, they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken: and therefore, I advis'd, that the champions of each side should be coupled

together.

ther, or otherwise mix'd, that like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employ'd among themselves. And it seems, I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counsellor; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution, which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last between the Ancient and Modern Books in the King's Library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in every body's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great, to be informed in the particulars; I, being possess'd of all qualifications requisite in an Historian, and retained by neither party, have resolv'd to comply with the urgent Importunity of my Friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The Guardian of the Regal Library, a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his * Humanity, had been a fierce champion for the Moderns, and in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed, with his own hands, to knock down two of the *ancient* chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock; but endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight and tendency towards his center; a quality, to which those of the *modern* party are extreme subject: for, being light-headed, they have in speculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the Ancients, which he resolv'd to gratify, by shewing all marks of his favour to the Books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself

for

* The honourable Mr. Boyle, in the Preface to his Edition of Phalaris, says, he was refused a manuscript by the Library-Keeper, *pro solite humanitate sua*.

for an advocate of the Ancients, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened, that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the Books in the library, for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of *learned dust*, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of Moderns into the Keeper's eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the *worms* out of the Schoolmen, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his *spleen*, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained, that by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head: and therefore, in replacing his Books, he was apt to mistake, and clap Des-Cartes next to Aristotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven Wise Masters, and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side, and Withers on the other.

Mean while, those Books that were advocates for the Moderns, chose out one from among them, to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of *light horse*, *heavy-armed foot*, and *mercenaries*: whereof the Foot were in general but sordidly armed, and worse clad: their Horses large, but extremely out of case and heart; however, some few by trading among the Ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, Discord grew extremely high, hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary Ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of Moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove, by manifest reasons, that the priority was due to them,
from

from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and above all, their great merit towards the Moderns. But these denied the premises, and seemed very much to wonder, how the Antients could pretend to insult upon their antiquity, when it was so plain, (if they went to that) that the *Moderns* were *much* the more * *ancient* of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the Ancients, they renounced them all. "Tis true, (said they) we are informed, some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you; but the rest, infinitely the greater number (and especially, we French and English) were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our Horses are of our own breeding, our Arms of our own forging, and our Cloaths of our own cutting out and sewing." Plato was by chance upon the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago, their Jades lean and foundered, their Weapons of rotten wood, their Armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and in his pleasant way, swore, "By —, he believed them."

Now, the Moderns had not proceeded in their late negotiation, with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates, who had begun the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedence, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that Temple happened to over-hear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the Ancients; who thereupon drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive: upon which, several of the Moderns fled over to their party, and among the rest, Temple himself. This Temple having been educated and long conversed among the Antients, was, of all the Moderns, their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things

* According to the modern paradox.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For upon the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain Spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of Flies whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turk-pikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the center, wherein you might behold the Constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by *swallows* from above, or to his palace by *brooms* from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering Bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself; and in he went, where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the Spider's citadel; which yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the center shook. The Spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first, that Nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Mean while, the Bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the Spider was adventured out, when beholding the chasms, and ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till

36 D he

he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the Bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight) "A plague split you (said he) for a giddy son of a whore; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? Could not you look before you, and be d——n'd? Do you think I have nothing else to do (in the Devil's name) but to mend and repair after your arse?" "Good words, friend, (said the Bee, having now pruned himself, and being disposed to drole) I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born. Sirrah, (replied the Spider) if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." I pray have patience, (said the Bee) or you will spend your substance, and for ought I see, you may stand in need of it all, towards the repair of your house." "Rogue, rogue, (replied the Spider), yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters." "By my troth, (said the Bee) the comparison will amount to a very good jest, and you will do me a favour, to let me know the reasons, that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this, the Spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself (said he) by the comparison with such a rascal; what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your live-

lihood

“lihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a free-
“booter over fields and gardens; and for the sake
“of stealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet.
“Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a
“native stock within myself. This large castle (to
“shew my improvements in the Mathematics) is all
“built with my own hands, and the materials ex-
“tracted altogether out of my own person.”

“I am glad (answered the Bee) to hear you grant
“at least, that I come honestly by my wings and
“my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to
“heaven alone for my flights and my music; and
“Providence would never have bestowed on me
“two such gifts, without designing them for the
“noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and
“blossoms of the field and the garden; but what-
“ever I collect from thence, enriches myself, with-
“out the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or
“their taste. Now, for you and your skill in Archi-
“tecture and other Mathematics, I have little to say:
“in that building of your’s, there might, for aught I
“know, have been labour and method enough; but
“by woful experience for us both, ’tis too plain the
“materials are nought, and I hope, you will hence-
“forth take warning, and consider duration and mat-
“ter, as well as method and art. You boast of
“being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing
“and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say,
“if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what
“issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt
“and poison in your breast; and, though I would
“by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock
“of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged
“for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance.
“Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of
“acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below;
“and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison
“to destroy another. So that, in short, the question
“comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of

“ the two, that which by a lazy contemplation of
 “ four inches round ; by an over-weening pride,
 “ which feeding and engendering on itself, turns all
 “ into excrement and venom ; producing nothing at
 “ all but fly-bane and a cobweb : or that, which by
 “ an universal range, with long search, much study,
 “ true judgment, and distinction of things, brings
 “ home honey and wax.”

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of Books in arms below, stood silent awhile, waiting in suspense what would be the issue, which was not long undetermined : for the Bee grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled strait away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply ; and left the Spider like an orator, *collected* in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency, that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the Regent's Humanity, who had torn off his tittle-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of Moderns ; where soon discovering how high the quarrel was like to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms : at length, in the borrowed shape of an A's, the Regent mistook him for a Modern ; by which means, he had time and opportunity to escape to the Ancients, just when the Spider and the Bee were entering into their contest ; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure ; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that in all his life, he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. “ The disputants (said he) have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument

“ argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reason-
“ ings of both to the present quarrel, then to com-
“ pare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as
“ the Bee has learnedly deduced them; and we shall
“ find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the
“ Moderns and Us. For, pray Gentlemen, was ever
“ any thing so *modern* as the Spider, in his air, his
“ turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf
“ of You his brethren, and himself, with many boast-
“ ings of his native stock and great genius; that he
“ spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to
“ own any obligation or assistance from without.
“ Then he displays to you his great skill in architec-
“ ture, and improvement in the mathematics. To
“ all this, the Bee, as an advocate retained by us the
“ Ancients, thinks fit to answer; that if one may
“ judge of the great genius or inventions of the Mo-
“ derns, by what they have produced, you will hard-
“ ly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of
“ either. Erect your schemes with as much method
“ and skill as you please; yet if the materials be no-
“ thing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails (the
“ guts of *modern* brains) the edifice will conclude at
“ last in a Cobweb; the duration of which, like that
“ of other Spiders webs, may be imputed to their
“ being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner.
“ For any thing else of genuine, that the Moderns
“ may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a
“ large vein of wrangling and satyr, much of a nature
“ and substance with the Spider's poison; which,
“ however, to pretend to spit wholly out of them-
“ selves, is improved by the same arts, by feed-
“ ing upon the Insects and Vermin of the age. As
“ for Us, the Ancients, we are content, with the
“ Bee, to pretend to nothing of our own, be-
“ yond our Wings and our Voice: that is to say, our
“ Flights and our Language. For the rest, whatever
“ we have got, has been by infinite labour and
“ search, and ranging through every corner of Na-
“ ture;

"ture: the difference is, that instead of dirt and
 "poison, we have rather chose to fill our hives
 "with Honey and Wax, thus furnishing mankind
 "with the two noblest of things, which are Sweet-
 "ness and Light."

'Tis wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the Books, upon the close of this long descant of *Ætop*: both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a Battle. Immediately, the two main bodies withdrew under their several ensigns, to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals and consultations upon the present emergency. The Moderns were in very warm debates upon the choice of their Leaders, and nothing less than the fear impending from their enemies, could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the Horse, where every private Trooper pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton, to Dryden and Withers. The Light-Horse were commanded by Cowly and Despreaux. There came the Bowmen under their valiant leaders Des Cartes Gassendi, and Hobbes, whose strength was such, that they could shoot their arrows beyond the Atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn like that of Evander, into meteors, or like the Cannon-Ball into stars. Paracellus brought a Squadron of Stink-pot-Flingers from the snowy mountains of *Rætia*. There came a vast body of Dragoons of different nations, under the leading of Harvey, their great Aga: part armed with Scythes, the weapons of death; part with launces and long knives, all steeped in poison; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies of heavy-armed Foot, all Mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guicciardine, Davila, Polydore, Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The Engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and
 Wilkins.

Wilkins. The rest were a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinus, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place, came infinite swarms of * Calones, a disorderly rout led by L'Esrange; rogues and raggamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder; all without Coats to cover them.

The army of the Ancients was much fewer in number; Homer led the Horse, and Pindar the Light-Horse; Euclid was chief Engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the Bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the Foot; Hippocrates the Dragoons. The Allies led by Vossius, and Temple brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive Battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the Regal Library, fled up strait to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below. (For, among the Gods, she always tells truth.) Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the *milky way*. The senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of *ancient* and *modern* creatures, called Books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the Moderns, made an excellent speech in their favour, which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the Ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections, when Jupiter commanded the Book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury; three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver, double gilt; the covers, of celestial Turkey-leather, and the paper such as here on earth might

D 4

almost

* These are pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.

almost pass for vellum. Jupiter having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly, there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter : these are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other like a link of galley slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's greatness : and yet in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a long hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men, Accidents or Events ; but the gods call them, Second Causes. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Mean while, Momus fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the Moderns ; bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla ; there Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age ; at her left, Pride, her mother dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-strong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dullness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat ; her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an Ass ; her teeth fallen out before ; her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself ; her diet was the
overflowing

overflowing of her own gall; her spleen was so large, as to stand prominent like a dug of the first rate, not wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. "Goddess (said Momus) can you sit idly here, while our devout worshippers, the Moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and, perhaps, now lying under the swords of their enemies; who then hereafter, will ever sacrifice, or build altars to our divinities? Haste therefore to the British Isle, and, if possible, prevent their destruction, while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party."

Momus having thus delivered himself, said not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment: up she rose in a rage, and as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy. "'Tis I (said she) who give wisdom to infants and idiots; by me, children grow wiser than their parents; by me Beaux become politicians, and School-boys judges of philosophy; by me, sophisters debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffee-house wits instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter or his language; by me striplings spend their judgment, as they do their estate before it comes into their hands. 'Tis I, who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over Poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart Ancients dare oppose me?—But, come, my aged parent, and you, my children dear, and thou, my beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout Moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a Hecatomb, as I perceive by that grateful smell, which from thence reaches my nostrils."

The goddess and her train having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame Geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of Britain; but in hovering over its Metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent-garden? And now she reached the fatal plain of St. James's library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of Virtuoso's, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But, here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breast. For, at the head of a troop of Modern Bowmen, she cast her eyes upon her son W—t—n; to whom the fates had assigned a very short thread; W—t—n, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race, begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother, above all her children, and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape; for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her body into an Octavo compass: her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into paste-board, and the thin into paper, upon which her parents and children, artfully strowed a black juice or decoction of gall and foot, in form of letters; her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form, and that which before was a cover of skin, did still continue so. In which guise she marched on towards the Moderns, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the Divine B—ntl—y, W—t—n's dearest friend. "Brave W—t—n (said the goddess) why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present vi-
" gour

“gour and opportunity of this day? Away let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately.” Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth, which flying strait up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dullness and Ill-manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist, and the Hero perceived it was the goddess, his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle. Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave Ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold.—*Hic pauca defunt.*

* * * * *

They bore the wounded Aga on their shields to his chariot * * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

Defunt nonnulla.

Then Aristotle observing Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which mist the valiant Modern, and went hissing over his head: but Des Cartes it hit; the

steel point quickly found a Defect in his Head-piece; it pierced the leather and the paste-board, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain, whirled the valiant bowman round, till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own Vortex. *

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

Ingens Hiatus hic in MS.—When Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach; he rode among the enemies ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first, and whom he slew last. First, Gondibert advanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas, that he would never leave the field, till he had spoiled * Homer of his armour; madman, who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his strength. Him Homer overthrew, horse and man to the ground, there to be trampled and choaked in the dirt. Then, with a long spear, he slew Denham, a stout Modern, who from his † father's side derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star, but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew W—s—y with a kick of his horse's heel; he took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle,

* Vid. Homer. † Sir John Denham's Poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent; so that his detractors said, he was not the real author of Cooper's Hill.

tenelle, with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse, Virgil appeared in shining armour, completely fitted to his body: he was mounted on a dapple grey steed, the slowness of whose pace, was an effect of the highest of mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour, when behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size, appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons; but his speed was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within, which after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave Ancient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprize and disappointment together: for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the pent-house of a modern perriwig: and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden in a long harangue soothed up the good Ancient, called him Father, and by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes) though his was of gold, and cost a hundred beeves, the others but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the Modern yet worse than his

* Vid. Homer.

his own. Then, they agreed to exchange horses; but when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount. * * * * *

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

Alter hiatus in M. S.—Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse of admirable shape, but head-strong, bearing the rider where he list, over the field; he made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Bl—ckm—re, a famous Modern (but one of the Mercenaries) strenuously opposed himself, and darted his javelin, with a strong hand, which falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen, and turned off the point. “ Brave
 “ Modern (said Lucan) I perceive some god pro-
 “ tests you, for never did my arm so deceive me be-
 “ fore: but, what mortal can contend with a god?
 “ therefore, let us fight no longer, but present gifts
 “ to each other.” Lucan then bestowed the Mo-
 dern a Pair of Spurs, and Bl—ckm—re gave Lucan
 a Bridle. * * * * *

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

* * * * * ——— *Pauca desunt*
Creech: but, the goddesses Dullness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier, to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening loud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby,
 by

by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew——, and——, and Oldham, and———and Afra the Amazon light of foot never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemies Light-horse. Him, when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce Ancient, imitating his address, and pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horse, and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins; first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and passing into the enemies ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin, so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen Cavaliers, as Cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground; yet he threw it with ease, and it went by an unerring hand, singing through the air; nor could the Modern have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield that had been given him by Venus. And now both heroes drew their swords, but the Modern was so agitated and disordered, that he knew not where he was; his shield dropt from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape; at last he turned, and lifting up his hands, in the posture of a suppliant, “Godlike Pindar (said he) spare my life, and possess my horse with these arms; besides the ransom which my friends will give; when they hear I am alive, and your prisoner.” “Dog (said Pindar) let your ransom stay with your friends; but your carcass shall be left for the Fowls of the air, and the Beasts of the field.” With that, he raised his sword, and with a mighty stroke, cleft the Modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses feet, the other half was borne by the
frighted

frighted steed through the field. This * Venus took, walked it seven times in Ambrosia, then struck it thrice with a sprig of Amarant; upon which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a Dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot.

*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

Hiatus valde defensus in MS.

Day being far spent and the numerous forces of the Moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a Squadron of their † heavy armed Foot, a captain, whose name was B-ntl-y; in person, the most deformed of all the Moderns; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large but without strength or proportion. His armour was patch'd up of a thousand incoherent pieces; and the sound of it as he march'd was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizor was brass, which tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality, of most malignant nature, was seen to distil from his lips. In his § right hand he grasped a flail,

* I do not approve the author's judgment in this, for I think Cowley's Pindarics are much preferable to his Mistress.

† The episode of B-ntl-y and W-tt-n.

§ The person here spoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without distinction, and using mean and foul scurrilities.

flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of Ordure in his left : thus, compleatly arm'd, he advanc'd with a slow and heavy pace, where the Modern chiefs were holding consult upon the sum of things ; who, as he came onwards, laugh'd to behold his crooked leg, and hump shoulder which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing ; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but at other times did more mischief than good : for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of B—ntl—y, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the Modern generals to understand, that he conceived with great submission, they were all a pack of Rogues, and Fools, and Sons of whores, and d—n'd Cowards, and confounded Loggerheads, and illiterate Whelps, and nonsensical Scoundrels ; that if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous Dogs, the Antients, would long before this, have been beaten out of the field. You. || said he, sit here idle ; but, when I, or any other valiant modern kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But, I will not march one foot against the foe, till you all swear to me, that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quitely possess. B—ntl—y having spoke thus, Scaliger bestowing him a sour look ; Miscreant prater, said he, eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without Wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper preverteth nature, thy learning makes thee more barbarous, thy study of humanity, more inhuman ; thy converse among poets, more groveling, miry, and dull. All
arts

|| Vid. Homer de Therſite.

arts of civilizing others, render thee rude and untractable ; courts have taught thee ill manners, and a polite conversation has finished thee a pedant ; besides, a greater coward burtheneth not the army. But never despond, I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takell, shall certainly be thy own ; though I hope that vile carcass will first become a prey to kites and worms.

B—n—y durst not reply ; but half choaked with spleen and rage, withdrew, in full resolution of performing some great atchievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved W—t—n ; resolving by policy or surprize, to attempt some neglected quarter of the Antients army. They began their march over carcasses of their slaughter'd friends ; then to the right of their own forces ; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy's out-guards ; looking about, if haply, they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarm'd and remote from the rest, as when two Mungrel Curs, whom native Greediness, and domestick Want, provoke, and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier ; they, with tails depress'd and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow ; mean while, the conscious Moon, now in her Zenith on their guilty heads, darts perpendicular rays ; nor dare they bark, though much provok'd at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection, or in sphere direct ; but one surveys the region round, while t'other scouts the plain, if haply, to discover at distance from the flock, some Carcass half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely loving pair of friends, not with less fear and circumspection ; when, at distance, they might perceive two shining suits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off, in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure,

venture, fell to B—ntl—y ; on he went, and in his van Confusion and Amaze : while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the Ancients army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep : B—ntl—y would fain have dispatch'd them both, and stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But, then the goddess Affright interposing, caught the Modern in her icy arms, and dragg'd him from the danger she foresaw ; both the dormant heroes happen'd to turn at the same instant, tho' soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream. ¶ For Phalaris was just that minute dreaming, how a most vile Poetaster had lampoon'd him and how he had got him roaring in his Bull. And Æsop dreamed, that as he and the Antient Chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild Ass broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. B—ntl—y leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling W—tt—n.

He, in the mean time, had wander'd long in search of some enterprize, till at length, he arrived at a small Rivulet, that issued from a fountain hard by, call'd in the language of mortal men, Helicon. Here he stopt, and parch'd with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice, with profane hands, he essay'd to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipt all thro' his fingers. Then he stoop'd prone on his breast, but e'er his mouth had kiss'd the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the Modern and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but Mud. For altho' no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of Slime and Mud ; for, so Apollo begg'd of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to take it with unhallowed

¶ This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of those who were kill'd in their sleep.

hallow'd lips, and for a lesson to all, not to draw too deep, or far from the Spring.

At the fountain-head, W—tt—n discerned two heroes ; the one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the Allies to the Ancients. His back was turned, and he was employ'd in drinking large draughts in his helmet, from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. W—tt—n, observing him, with quaking knees, and trembling hands, spoke thus to himself : * Oh, that I could kill this destroyer of our army ! what renown should I purchase among the chiefs ? But to issue out man for man, shield against shield, and lance against lance, what Modern of us dare ? for he fights like a God, and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his elbow. But, oh, mother ! if what fame reports, be true, that I am the son of so great a Goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with spoils. The first part of his prayer, the gods granted, at the intercession of his Mother, and of Momus ; but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from Eate, was scattered in the air. Then W—tt—n grasp'd his lance, and brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might, the Goddess, his Mother, at the same time, adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hissing, and reached even to the belt of the averted Ancient, upon which, lightly grazing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall ; and W—tt—n might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having remitted his lance against so great a leader, unrevenged ; but Apollo, enraged that a javelin, flung by the assistance of so foul a Goddess, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of——, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple :
he

he pointed, first to the lance, then to the distant Modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the Gods, immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion, in the Libyan Plains, or Araby Desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise; he scours along, wishing to meet some tyger from the mountains, or a furious boar: if chance a Wild Ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provok'd at the offensive noise; which Echo, foolish nymph, like her ill-judging Sex, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's song: he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long ear'd animal. So W--tt--n fled, so Boyle pursued. But W--tt--n heavy arm'd, and slow of foot, began to slack his course; when his lover B--ntl--y appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping Ancients. Boyle observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilded; rage sparkled in his eyes, and leaving his pursuit after W--tt--n, he furiously rush'd on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways: † and as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning; if chance her Geese be scattered over the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter over the champain. So Boyle

† Vid. Homer.

† This is also after the manner of Homer; the woman's getting a painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing to do with the similitude, nor would be excusable without such an authority.

Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends : finding at length, their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themselves in Phalanx. First, B—ntl—y threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast : but Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of Lead, which after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle observing well his time, took a lance of wondrous length and sharpness ; and as this pair of friends compacted stood close side to side, he wheel'd him to the right, and with unusual force, darted the weapon. B nlt-y saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms, close to his ribs, hoping to save his body ; in went the point, passing through arm and side, nor stopt, or spent its force, till it had also pierced the valiant W—tt—n, who going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As, when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of Woodcocks, he, with iron skewer, pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinion'd to their ribs : so was this pair of friends transfix'd, till down they fell, join'd, in their lives, join'd in their deaths ; so closely join'd, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair ; few equals have you left behind : and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And, now

Desunt cætera.

THE END.





Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends : finding at length, their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themselves in Phalanx. First, B—ntl—y threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast : but Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of Lead, which after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle observing well his time, took a lance of wondrous length and sharpness ; and as this pair of friends compacted stood close side to side, he wheel'd him to the right, and with unusual force, darted the weapon. B nlt-y saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms, close to his ribs, hoping to save his body ; in went the point, passing through arm and side, nor stopt, or spent its force, till it had also pierced the valiant W—tt—n, who going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As, when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of Woodcocks, he, with iron skewer, pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinion'd to their ribs : so was this pair of friends transfix'd, till down they fell, join'd, in their lives, join'd in their deaths ; so closely join'd, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair ; few equals have you left behind : and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And, now * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * * Desunt cætera.

THE END.

